

Midnights

Lavender Haze
Maroon
Anti-Hero
Snow On The Beach
You're On Your Own, Kid
Midnight Rain
Question...?
Vigilante Shit
Bejeweled
Labyrinth
Karma
Sweet Nothing
Mastermind

3am Tracks

The Great War
Bigger Than The Whole Sky
Paris
High Infidelity
Glitch
Would've, Could've, Should've
Dear Reader

The Late Night Till Dawn Tracks

Hits Different
You're Losing Me
(From The Vault)
Snow On The Beach
(Feat. More Lana Del Rey)
Karma (Feat. Ice Spice)
Anti-Hero (Feat. Bleachers)

Bonus Tracks

You're On Your Own, Kid
(Strings Remix)
Sweet Nothing (Piano Remix)
Lavender Haze (Acoustic)
Anti-Hero (Acoustic)



What keeps you up at night?

It's a momentary glimmer of distraction. The tiniest notion of reminiscent thought that wanders off into wondering, the spark that lights a tinderbox of fixation. And now it is irreversible. The flame has caught. You're wide awake.

Maybe it's that one urgent question you meant to ask someone years ago but didn't. Someone that slipped through the cracks in your history, and they're too far gone now anyway. All the ghost ships that have sailed and sailed away, but at this hour, they've anchored in your harbor. They sit with flags waving, bright and beautiful. And it's almost like it's real.

Sometimes sleep is as evasive as happiness. Isn't it mystifying how quickly we vacillate between self love and loathing at this hour? One moment, your life looks like a night sky of gleaming stars. The next, the fog has descended. Suddenly you're in the town you left behind all those years ago. The trees of your youth with the phantom memory echoes of your belly laughter, and the rope indentations of your old tire swing still on the branch. All the phone numbers you still know by heart but never call anymore. The boy's devastated face as he peeled out of your driveway. The family man he is now.

What must they all think of you.

Why can't you sleep? Maybe you lie awake in the aftershock of falling headlong into a connection that feels like some surreal cataclysmic event. Like spontaneous combustion, or seeing snow falling on a tropical beach. A lavender haze crush that feels like the crash of a wave.

Or was tonight the night you realized how solitary, how alone you really are, no matter how high you climb. The elevation just makes it colder.

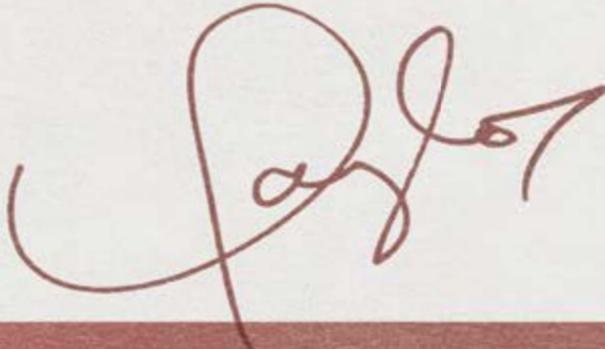
Some midnights, you're out and you're buzzing with electric current — an adventurer in pursuit of rapturous thrill. Music blaring from speakers and the reckless intimacy of dancing with strangers. Something in this shadowy room to make you feel shiny again. On these nights, you know that there are facets of you that only glow in the dark.

Why are you still up at this hour? Because you're cosplaying vengeance fantasies, where the bad bad man is hauled away in handcuffs and you get to watch it happen. You laugh into the mirror with a red wine snarl. You look positively deranged.

Maybe you were trying to mastermind matters of the heart again. You've gotten lost in the labyrinth of your head, where the fear wraps its claws around the fragile throat of true love. Will you be able to save it in time? Save it from who? Well, it's obvious. From you.

We lie awake in love and in fear and in turmoil and in tears. We stare at walls and drink until they speak back. We twist in our self-made cages and pray that we aren't — right this minute — about to make some fateful life-altering mistake. This is a collection of music written in the middle of the night, a journey through terrors and sweet dreams. The floors we pace and the demons we face. For all of us who have tossed and turned and decided to keep the lanterns lit and go searching. Hoping that just maybe, when the clock strikes twelve ... we'll meet ourselves.

See you there. Midnight sharp.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "John" or a similar name, is positioned at the bottom right of the page.



1

Lavender Haze

3min:22sec

Written by Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff, Zoë Kravitz, Mark Anthony Spears, Jahaan Akil Sweet & Sam Dew

Meet me at midnight ...

Staring at the ceiling with you
Oh, you don't ever say too much
And you don't really read into
My melancholia
I been under scrutiny
You handle it beautifully
All this shit is new to me

I feel the lavender haze creeping up on me
Surreal
I'm damned if I do give a damn
what people say
No deal
The 1950s shit they want from me
I just wanna stay in that lavender haze

All they keep asking me
Is if I'm gonna be your bride
The only kinda girl they see
Is a one night or a wife
I find it dizzying
They're bringing up my history
But you weren't even listening

CHORUS

That lavender haze

Talk your talk and go viral
I just need this love spiral
Get it off your chest
Get it off my desk
Talk your talk and go viral
I just need this love spiral

Get it off your chest
Get it off my desk

CHORUS

Get it off your chest
Get it off my desk
I just wanna stay in that lavender haze

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Produced by Jack Antonoff, Taylor Swift, Sounwave & Jahaan Sweet / Additional Production by Braxton Cook / Mixed by Serban Ghenea at MixStar Studios (Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant Mix Engineer – Bryce Bordone / Recorded by Laura Sisk & Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl, Jon Sher, John Rooney, Mark Aguilar, Jonathan Garcia / Recorded at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY), Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) / Jahaan Sweet's performance recorded by Jahaan Sweet at the Sweet Spot (Los Angeles, CA) / Dominik Rivinius' performance recorded by Ken Lewis at Neon Wave Studio (Pirmasens, Germany) / Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Sounwave – Programming /
Jack Antonoff – Drums, Programming, Percussion,
Modular Synth, Juno 6, Mellotron, Wurlitzer,
Background Vocals / Sam Dew – Background Vocals /
Zoë Kravitz – Background Vocals / Jahaan Sweet – Bass,
Bass Pad, Flute, Juno / Dominik Rivinius – Snare

Zoë Kravitz appears courtesy of Republic Records, a division of UMG Recordings, Inc.



Maroon ②

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

When the morning came we
Were cleaning incense off your
vinyl shelf 'cause we lost track of time again
Laughing with my feet in your lap
Like you were my closest friend

"How'd we end up on the floor anyway?"

You say

"Your roommate's cheap-ass screw top rosé,
That's how."
I see you every day now

And I chose you
The one I was dancing with in New York
No shoes
Looked up at the sky and it was
The burgundy on my t-shirt when you splashed
your wine into
me and how the blood rushed into my cheeks, so
scarlet it was
The mark they saw on my collarbone
the rust that grew
between telephones the lips I
used to call home
So scarlet, it was maroon

When the silence came we
Were shaking blind and hazy
How the hell did we lose sight of us again?
Sobbing with your head in your hands
Ain't that the way shit always ends
You were standing hollow-eyed in the hallway
Carnations you had thought were roses
That's us
I feel you no matter what
The rubies that I gave up

And I lost you
The one I was dancing with in New York
No shoes
Looked up at the sky and it was (maroon)
The burgundy on my t-shirt when you
splashed your wine into
me and how the blood rushed into my cheeks, so
scarlet it was (maroon)
The mark they saw on my collarbone the rust that grew
between telephones the lips I used to call home
So scarlet, it was maroon

And I wake with your
memory over me
That's a real fuckin' legacy, legacy
And I wake with your
memory over me
That's a real fuckin' legacy ... to leave

The burgundy on my t-shirt when you splashed
your wine into
me and how the blood rushed
into my cheeks,
so scarlet it was (maroon)
The mark they saw on my collarbone the rust that grew
between telephones the lips I used to call home
So scarlet, it was maroon

It was maroon (x2)

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Bordone / Recorded by Laura Sisk & Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered
by Megan Searl, Jon Sher, John Rooney / Recorded at Rough Customer
Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY) / Evan Smith's
performance recorded by Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording (Portland,
Maine) / Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming,
Percussion, Juno 6, Modular Synth, Piano, Electric Guitars, Bass /
Evan Smith – Organ, Saxophone, Flute, Clarinet

 Written by Taylor Swift
& Jack Antonoff

Anti-Hero

3min:21sec

I have this thing where I get older but just never wiser
Midnights become my afternoons
When my depression works the graveyard shift
All of the people I've ghosted stand there in the room
I should not be left to my own devices, they come with prices and vices,
I end up in crisis
Tale as old as time
I wake up screaming from dreaming one day I'll watch as you're leaving 'cause you got tired of my scheming — for the last time

It's me
Hi
I'm the problem, it's me
At teatime
Everybody agrees
I'll stare directly at the sun but never in the mirror
It must be exhausting always rooting for the anti-hero

Sometimes I feel like everybody is a sexy baby
And I'm a monster on the hill
Too big to hang out
Slowly lurching toward your favorite city
Pierced through the heart but never killed

Did you hear my covert narcissism
I disguise as altruism like some kind of congressman
Tale as old as time
I wake up screaming from dreaming one day I'll watch as you're leaving and life will lose all its meaning — for the last time

It's me
Hi
I'm the problem, it's me
At teatime
Everybody agrees
I'll stare directly at the sun but never in the mirror
It must be exhausting always rooting for the anti-hero

I have this dream my daughter-in-law kills me for the money
She thinks I left them in the will
The family gathers 'round and reads it
And then someone screams out
"She's laughing up at us from hell!"

It's me
Hi
I'm the problem, it's me
It's me
Hi
I'm the problem, it's me

It's me
Hi
Everybody agrees
Everybody agrees
It's me
Hi
I'm the problem, it's me
At teatime
Everybody agrees
I'll stare directly at the sun but never in the mirror
It must be exhausting always rooting for the anti-hero

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Drums, Programming, Percussion, Modular Synth, Prophet 5, Bass, Acoustic Guitars, Juno 6, Mellotron, Wurlitzer, Background Vocals / Bobby Hawk – Violin



Written by Taylor Swift,
Jack Antonoff & Lana Del Rey

Snow On The Beach

Feat. Lana Del Rey 4min:16sec

4

One night a few moons ago I
Saw flecks of what could've
been lights
But it might just have been you
Passing by unbeknownst to me
Life is emotionally abusive
And time can't stop me quite like
you did
And my flight was awful, thanks
for asking
I'm unglued — thanks to you

And it's like snow at the beach
Weird but fuckin' beautiful
Flying in a dream
Stars by the pocketful
You wanting me
Tonight
Feels impossible
But it's comin' down,
no sound, it's all around
Like snow on the beach

This scene feels like what I
once saw on a screen
I searched 'aurora borealis green'
I've never seen
someone lit from within
Blurring out my periphery
My smile is like I won a contest
And to hide that would
be so dishonest

And it's fine to fake it 'til
you make it
Til you do
Til it's true

Now it's like snow at the beach
Weird but fuckin' beautiful
Flying in a dream
Stars by the pocketful
You wanting me
Tonight
Feels impossible
But it's comin' down,
no sound, it's all around
Like snow on the beach

I can't speak, afraid to jinx it
I don't even dare to wish it
But your eyes are flying saucers
From another planet
Now I'm all for you like Janet
Can this be a real thing, can it?

Are we falling like
snow at the beach
Weird but fuckin' beautiful
Flying in a dream
Stars by the pocketful
You wanting me
Tonight
Feels impossible

But it's comin' down,
no sound, it's all around
Like snow on the beach

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Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl,
Jon Sher, John Rooney, Jacob Spitzer /
Recorded at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn,
NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY),
Henson Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) /
Bobby Hawk's performance recorded by Dave
Gross at Blue Plate Records (Hayworth, New
Jersey) / Evan Smith's performance recorded
by Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording
(Portland, Maine) / Mastered by Randy
Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift - Vocals / Lana Del Rey - Vocals /
Jack Antonoff - Drums, Programming,
Percussion, Juno 6, Mellotron, Acoustic &
Electric Guitars, Bass, Background Vocals /
Evan Smith - Synths / Bobby Hawk - Violin /
Dylan O'Brien - Drums

5

You're On Your Own, Kid

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

3min:14sec

Summer went away
Still the yearning stays
I play it cool with the best of them
I wait patiently
He's gonna notice me
It's ok, we're the best of friends
Anyway
I hear it in your voice
You're smoking with your boys
I touch my phone as if it's
your face
I didn't choose this town
I dream of getting out
There's just one who could
make me stay
All my days

From sprinkler splashes
To fireplace ashes
I waited ages to see you there
I search the party
Of better bodies
Just to learn that you never cared
You're on your own, kid
You always have been

I see the great escape
So long, Daisy May
I picked the petals, he loves
me not
Something different bloomed
Writing in my room
I play my songs in the parking lot
I'll run away

From sprinkler splashes
To fireplace ashes
I called a taxi to take me there
I search the party
Of better bodies
Just to learn that my dreams
aren't rare
You're on your own, kid
You always have been
From sprinkler splashes
To fireplace ashes
I gave my blood, sweat and
tears for this
I hosted parties and starved
my body
Like I'd be saved by a perfect kiss
The jokes weren't funny
I took the money
My friends from home
don't know what to say
I looked around in a
blood-soaked gown
And I saw something they can't
take away
Cause there were pages
turned with the bridges burned
Everything you lose is a step
you take
So make the friendship
bracelets
Take the moment and taste it
You've got no reason to be afraid

You're on your own, kid
Yeah, you can face this
You're on your own, kid
You always have been

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& Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered
by Megan Searl, Jon Sher, John Rooney
/ Recorded at Rough Customer Studio
(Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York,
NY) / Evan Smith's performance recorded by
Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording (Portland,
Maine) / Sean Hutchinson's performance
recorded by Sean Hutchinson at Hutchinson
Sound (Brooklyn, NY) / Mastered by Randy
Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift - Vocals / Jack Antonoff -
Programming, Percussion, Juno 6,
Mellotron, Moog, Electric Guitars, Bass,
Background Vocals / Evan Smith - Synths /
Sean Hutchinson - Drums, Percussion

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

Midnight Rain



2min:55sec

He wanted it comfortable
I wanted that pain
He wanted a bride
I was making my own name
Chasing that fame
He stayed the same
All of me changed
Like midnight ...

My town was a wasteland
Full of cages, full of fences
Pageant queens and
big pretenders
But for some it was paradise
My boy was a montage
A slow motion, love potion
Jumping off things in the ocean
I broke his heart 'cause
he was nice

He was sunshine
I was midnight rain
He wanted it comfortable
I wanted that pain
He wanted a bride
I was making my own name
Chasing that fame
He stayed the same
All of me changed
Like midnight ...

It came like a postcard
Picture perfect shiny family
Holiday peppermint candy
But for him it's every day

So I peered through a window
A deep portal, time travel
All the love we unravel
And the life I gave away

Cause he was sunshine
I was midnight rain
He wanted it comfortable
I wanted that pain
He wanted a bride
I was making my own name
Chasing that fame
He stayed the same
All of me changed
Like midnight

He wanted it comfortable
I wanted that pain
He wanted a bride
I was making my own name
Chasing that fame
He stayed the same
All of me changed
Like midnight

I guess sometimes we all get
just what we wanted,
just what we wanted
And he never thinks of me
Except when I'm on TV
I guess sometimes we all get
some kind of haunted,
some kind of haunted
And I never think of him
Except on midnights like this ...



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Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl,
Jon Sher, John Rooney / Recorded at Rough
Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady
Studios (New York, NY) / Mastered by Randy
Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift - Vocals / Jack Antonoff -
Programming, Drums, Percussion, Moog,
Juno 6, Modular Synth, Prophet 5





7

Question...?

3min:31sec

Written by Taylor Swift
& Jack Antonoff

I remember

Good girl, sad boy
Big city, wrong choices
We had one thing going on
I swear that it was something
Cause I don't remember who I was
before you
Painted all my nights
a color I have searched for since
But one thing after another
Fuckin' situations, circumstances
Miscommunications and I
Have to say
By the way
I just may like some explanations

Can I ask you a question?
Did you ever have someone kiss you
in a crowded room
And every single one of your friends was
making fun of you
But 15 seconds later they were
clapping too?
Then what did you do?
Did you leave her house in the
middle of the night?
Did you wish you'd put up more of a fight
When she said it was too much?
Do you wish you could still touch ... her?
It's just a question

Half-moon eyes, bad surprise
Did you realize out of time
She was on your mind
With some dickhead guy
That you saw that night
But you were on something
It was one drink after another
Fuckin' politics and gender roles
And you're not sure and I don't know
Got swept away in the gray
I just may like to have a conversation

Can I ask you a question?
Did you ever have someone kiss you
in a crowded room
And every single one of your friends was
making fun of you
But 15 seconds later they were
clapping too?
Then what did you do?

Did you leave her house in the
middle of the night?
Did you wish you'd put up more of a fight
When she said it was too much?
Do you wish you could still touch ... her?
It's just a question

Does it feel like everything's just like
second best after that meteor strike?
And what's that that I heard,
that you're still with her
that's nice, I'm sure that's what's suitable
And right
But tonight ...

Can I ask you a question?
Did you ever have someone kiss you
in a crowded room
And every single one of your friends was
making fun of you
But 15 seconds later they were
clapping too?
Then what did you do?
Did you leave her house in the
middle of the night?
Did you wish you'd put up more of a fight
When she said it was too much?
Do you wish you could still touch ... her?
It's just a question

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Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl, Jon
Sher, John Rooney, Jonathan Garcia, Tommy Bosustow /
Recorded at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Electric
Lady Studios (New York, NY), Abbey Road Studios (London,
UK) / Dominik Rivinius' performance recorded by Ken Lewis
at Neon Wave Studio (Pirmasens, Germany) / Evan Smith's
performance recorded by Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording
(Portland, Maine) / Sean Hutchinson's performance recorded
by Sean Hutchinson at Hutchinson Sound (Brooklyn, NY) /
Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming,
Percussion, Juno 6, Mellotron, Background Vocals /
Dominik Rivinius – Drums / Evan Smith – Synths / Sean
Hutchinson – Drums & Percussion / Rachel Antonoff, Austin
Swift, Jack Antonoff, Dylan O'Brien - Crowd Applause

Vigilante Shit

2min:45sec

Written by Taylor Swift

8

Draw the cat eye sharp enough
to kill a man
You did some bad things but I'm
the worst of them
Sometimes I wonder which one
will be your last lie
They say looks can kill and I might try
I don't dress for women
I don't dress for men

Lately I've been dressing for revenge
I don't start shit but I can tell you
how it ends
Don't get sad, get even
So on the weekends
I don't dress for friends
Lately I've been dressing for revenge

She needed cold hard proof
so I gave her some
She had the envelope, where you
think she got it from?
Now she gets the house, gets
the kids, gets the pride
Picture me thick as thieves
with your ex-wife
And she looks so pretty
Driving in your Benz
Lately she's been dressing for revenge

She don't start shit but she can
tell you how it ends
Don't get sad, get even
So on the weekends

She don't dress for friends
Lately she's been dressing for revenge
Ladies always rise above
Ladies know what people want
Someone sweet and kind and fun
The lady simply had enough ...

While he was doing lines
And crossing all of mine
Someone told his white collar crimes to the FBI
And I don't dress for villains
Or for innocents
I'm on my vigilante shit again

I don't start shit but I can tell you how it ends
Don't get sad, get even
So on the weekends
I don't dress for friends
Lately I've been dressing for revenge

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming, Percussion, Juno 6, Wurlitzer, Moog / Evan Smith – Synths / Dominik Rivinius – Drums

Bejeweled



3min:14sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

Baby love, I think I've been
a little too kind
Didn't notice you walking
all over my peace of mind
In the shoes I gave you as a present
Putting someone first only works
When you're in their top 5
And by the way
I'm going out tonight

Best believe I'm still bejeweled
When I walk in the room
I can still make the
whole place shimmer
And when I meet the band
They ask, "Do you have a man?"
I could still say, "I don't remember"
Familiarity breeds contempt
Don't put me in the basement
When I want the penthouse
of your heart
Diamonds in my eyes
I polish up real
I polish up real nice
NICE!

Baby boy, I think I've been too good of a girl
Too good of a girl
Did all the extra credit then
got graded on a curve
I think it's time to teach
some lessons
I made you my world
Have you heard
I can reclaim the land
And I miss you
But I miss sparkling ...

CHORUS

Sapphire tears on my face
Sadness became my whole sky
But some guy said my
aura's moonstone
Just 'cause he was high
And we're dancing all night
And you can try
To change my mind
But you might have to wait in line
What's a girl gonna do?
A diamond's gotta shine

CHORUS

And we're dancing all night
And you can try
To change my mind
But you might have to wait in line
What's a girl gonna do?
What's a girl gonna do?
I polish up nice
Best believe I'm still bejeweled
When I walk in the room
I can still make the whole place shimmer

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(Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY) / Evan
Smith's performance recorded by Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill
Recording (Portland, Maine) / Mikey Freedom Hart's performance
recorded by David Hart at Big Mercy Sound (Brooklyn, NY) /
Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming, Percussion,
Juno 6, DX7, OB1, Kalimba, Moog, Acoustic Guitars, Bass, Background
Vocals / Evan Smith – Synths / Mikey Freedom Hart – Keys

Labyrinth

10

4min:08sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

It only hurts this much right now
Was what I was thinking
the whole time
Breathe in, breathe through
Breathe deep, breathe out
I'll be getting over you
my whole life
You know how scared I am
of elevators
Never trust it if it rises fast
It can't last

Uh oh, I'm falling in love
Oh no, I'm falling in love again
Oh, I'm falling in love
I thought the plane was
going down
How'd you turn it right around

It only feels this raw right now
Lost in the labyrinth of my mind
Break up, break free,
break through, break down
You would break your back to
make me break a smile
You know how much I hate that
everybody just expects me to
bounce back
Just like that

CHORUS (x4)

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Produced by Jack Antonoff & Taylor Swift / Mixed by Serban Ghenea at MixStar Studios (Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant Mix Engineer – Bryce Bordone / Recorded by Laura Sisk & Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl, Jon Sher, John Rooney / Recorded at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY) / Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming, Percussion, Juno 6, Realistic Synth, OB8, Moog, Electric Guitars, Background Vocals



11

Karma

3min:25sec

Written by **Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff, Mark Anthony Spears, Keanu Torres & Jahaan Akil Sweet**

You're talking shit
 For the hell of it
 Addicted to betrayal
 But you're relevant
 You're terrified to look down
 Cause if you dare
 You'll see the glare
 Of everyone you burned just to
 get there
 It's coming back around
 And I keep my side of the
 street clean
 You wouldn't know what I mean
 Cause karma is my boyfriend
 Karma is a god
 Karma is the breeze in
 my hair on the weekend
 Karma's a relaxing thought
 Aren't you envious that for you
 it's not?
 Sweet like honey
 Karma is a cat
 Purring in my lap 'cause it
 loves me
 Flexing like a goddamn acrobat
 Me and karma vibe like that
 Spiderboy, king of thieves
 Weave your little webs
 of opacity
 My pennies made your crown
 Trick me once
 Trick me twice

Don't you know that cash
 ain't the only price
 It's coming back around
 And I keep my side of the
 street clean
 You wouldn't know what I mean

CHORUS

Ask me what I learned from
 all those years
 Ask me what I learned from
 all those tears
 Ask me why so many
 fade but I'm still here

Cause karma is the thunder
 Rattling your ground
 Karma's on your scent
 like a bounty hunter
 Karma's gonna track you down
 Step by step from town to town
 Sweet like justice
 Karma is a queen
 Karma takes all my friends
 to the summit
 Karma is the guy on the screen
 coming straight home to me

CHORUS

Karma is my boyfriend
 Karma is a god
 Karma's a relaxing thought ...

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Produced by Jack Antonoff, Taylor
 Swift, Sounwave & Keanu Beats /
 Co-Produced by Jahaan Sweet / Mixed
 by Serban Ghenea at MixStar Studios
 (Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant Mix
 Engineer - Bryce Bordone / Recorded
 by Laura Sisk & Jack Antonoff / Assistant
 Engineered by Megan Searl, Jon Sher,
 John Rooney, Mark Aguilar / Recorded
 at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn,
 NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York,
 NY), Henson Recording Studios (Los
 Angeles, CA) / Sounwave's performance
 recorded by Sounwave at Sound of
 Waves Studios (Los Angeles, CA) /
 Jahaan Sweet's performance recorded
 by Jahaan Sweet at The Sweet Spot
 (Los Angeles, CA) / Keanu Beats'
 performance recorded by Keanu Beats
 (Melbourne, AU) / Mastered by Randy
 Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift - Vocals / Jack Antonoff -
 Drums, Programming, Percussion,
 Juno, Omnichord / Sounwave -
 Programming / Jahaan Sweet - Keys,
 Pad / Keanu Beats - Synths

I spy with my little tired eye
Tiny as a firefly
A pebble that we picked up last July
Down deep inside your pocket
We almost forgot it
Does it ever miss Wicklow
sometimes?
Ooh ...

They said the end is coming
Everyone's up to something
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings
Outside they're push and shoving
You're in the kitchen humming
All that you ever wanted from me was
Sweet nothing

On the way home
I wrote a poem
You say, "What a mind"
This happens all the time
Ooh ...

Cause they said the end is coming
Everyone's up to something
I find myself running home to your
Sweet nothings
Outside they're push and shoving
You're in the kitchen humming
All that you ever wanted from me was
... nothing

Industry disrupters and
soul deconstructors
And smooth-talking hucksters
Out glad-handing each other
And the voices that implore
"You should be doing more"
To you I can admit
That I'm just too soft for all of it
Ooh ...

CHORUS (x2)

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Studios (Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant
Mix Engineer - Bryce Bordone /
Recorded by Laura Sisk & Jack Antonoff /
Assistant Engineered by Megan Searl,
Jon Sher, John Rooney / Recorded at
Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY),
Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY) /
Evan Smith's performance recorded by
Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording
(Portland, Maine) / Mastered by Randy
Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

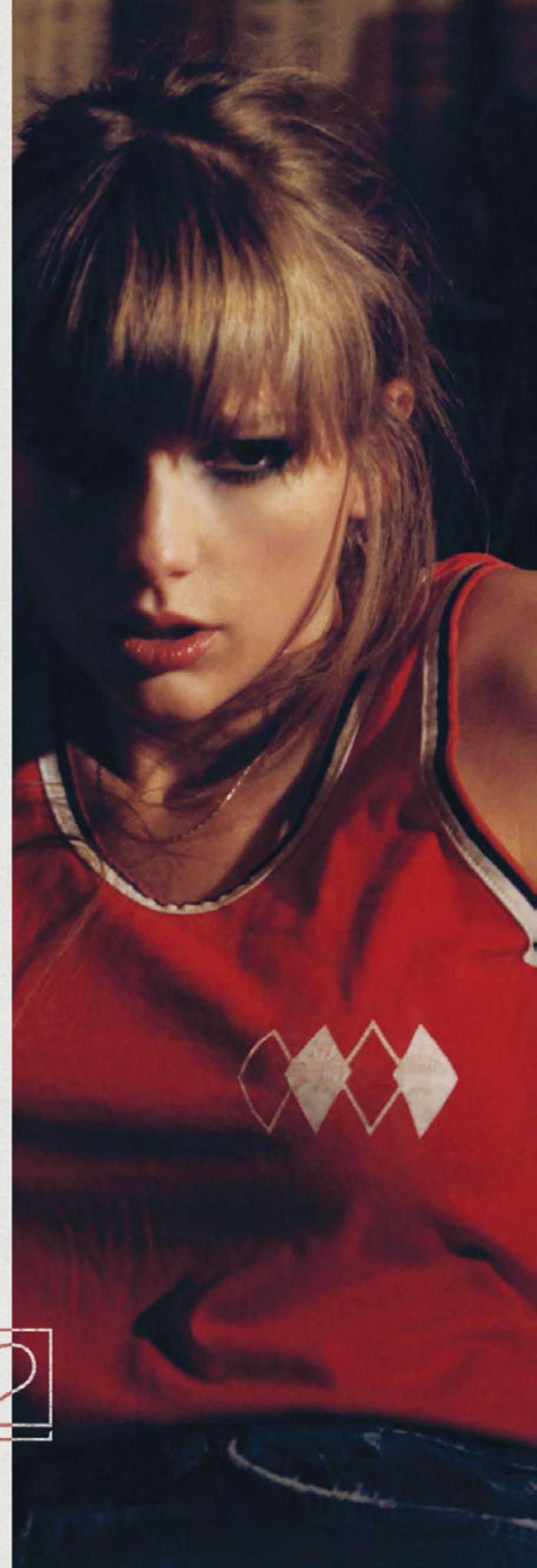
Taylor Swift - Vocals / Jack Antonoff -
Programming, Drums, Percussion, Moog,
Juno 6, Modular Synth, Prophet 5, Piano /
Evan Smith - Organ, Saxophone,
Flute, Clarinet

Written by
Taylor Swift
& **William Bowery**

Sweet Nothing

3min:08sec

12



13

Mastermind

3min:11sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

Once upon a time
The planets and the fates and
all the stars aligned
You and I ended up in the
same room at the same time
And the touch of a hand lit the fuse
Of a chain reaction of
countermoves
To assess the equation of you
Checkmate, I couldn't lose

What if I told you
None of it was accidental
And the first night that you saw me
Nothing was gonna stop me
I laid the groundwork
And then just like clockwork
The dominoes cascaded in a line
What if I told you I'm a
mastermind
And now you're mine
It was all by design
Cause I'm a mastermind

You see all the wisest women
had to do it this way
Cause we were born to be the
pawn in every lover's game
If you fail to plan, you plan to fail
Strategy sets the scene
for the tale
I'm the wind in our
free-flowing sails
And the liquor in our cocktails

What if I told you
None of it was accidental
And the first night that you saw me
I knew I wanted your body
I laid the groundwork
And then just like clockwork
The dominoes cascaded in a line
What if I told you I'm a mastermind
And now you're mine
It was all my design
Cause I'm a mastermind

No one wanted to play with me
as a little kid
So I've been scheming like a
criminal ever since
To make them love me and make
it seem effortless
This is the first time I've felt the
need to confess
And I swear
I'm only cryptic and
Machiavellian 'cause I care

So I told you
None of it was accidental
And the first night that you saw me
Nothing was gonna stop me
I laid the groundwork
And then saw a wide smirk
On your face, you knew the
entire time
You knew that I'm a mastermind

And now you're mine
Yeah, all you did was smile
Cause I'm a mastermind

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(Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant Mix Engineer –
Bryce Bordone / Recorded by Laura Sisk &
Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Megan
Searl, Jon Sher, John Rooney / Recorded
at Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY),
Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY) / Bobby
Hawk's performance recorded by Jon Gautier
at Sound House Studios (Lakeland, FL) /
Evan Smith's performance recorded by Evan
Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording (Portland,
Maine) / Zem Audu's performance recorded
by Zem Audu at Audu Music Studio (Brooklyn,
NY) / Michael Riddleberger's performance
recorded by Michael Riddleberger at Moultrie
Studios (Brooklyn, NY) / Mikey Freedom Hart's
performance recorded by David Hart at Big
Mercy Sound (Brooklyn, NY) / Mastered by
Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Drums,
Programming, Percussion, Juno, Minimoog,
Electric Guitars, Background Vocals /
Bobby Hawk – Violin / Evan Smith – Synths,
Saxophones / Zem Audu – Saxophones /
Michael Riddleberger – Drums / Mikey
Freedom Hart – Programming, Minimoog



14

The Great War

4min:00sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Aaron Dessner

My knuckles were bruised like violets
Sucker-punching walls, cursed you as I sleep-talked
Spineless in my tomb of silence
Tore your banners down, took the battle underground

And maybe it was ego swinging, maybe it was her
Flashes of the battle come back to me in a blur
All that blood shed, crimson clover
Uh-huh, sweet dream was over
My hand was the one you reached for
All throughout the Great War
Always remember
Uh-huh, tears on the letter
I vowed not to cry anymore
If we survived the Great War

You drew up some good faith treaties
I drew curtains closed, drank my poison all alone
You said I have to trust more freely
But diesel is desire, you were playing with fire

And maybe it's the past that's talking
Screaming from the crypt
Telling me to punish you for things you never did
So I justified it
All that blood shed, crimson clover
Uh-huh, the bombs were closer
My hand was the one you reached for
All throughout the Great War
Always remember
Uh-huh, the burning embers
I vowed not to fight anymore
If we survived the Great War (uh-huh, uh-huh)

It turned into something bigger
Somewhere in the haze, got a sense I'd been betrayed
Your finger up my hairpin trigger
Soldier down on that icy ground
Looked up at me with honor and truth
Broken and blue, so I called off the troops
That was the night I nearly I lost you
I really thought I'd lost you

We can plant a memory garden
Say a solemn prayer, place a poppy in my hair
There's no morning glory, it was war, it wasn't fair
And we will never go back
To that bloodshed, crimson clover
Uh-huh, the worst was over
My hand was the one you reached for
All throughout the Great War
Always remember
Uh-huh, we're burned for better
I vow I will always be yours
Cause we survived the Great War
Uh-huh, uh-huh
I will always be yours 'cause we survived the Great War
Uh-huh
I vow will always be yours

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Taylor Swift - Vocals / Aaron Dessner - Drum Programming, Percussion, Keyboards, Synthesizer, Synth Bass, Electric Guitar, Piano / Thomas Bartlett - Synthesizer, Piano / James McAlister - Drum Programming, Percussion / Yuki Resnick Numata - Violin / Kyle Resnick - Trumpet
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Bigger Than The Whole Sky

3min:38sec Written by Taylor Swift

No words appear before me in the aftermath
Salt streams out my eyes and into my ears
Every single thing I touch becomes sick with sadness
Cause it's all over now, all out to sea

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
You were bigger than the whole sky
You were more than just a short time
And I've got a lot to pine about
I've got a lot to live without
I'm never gonna meet
What could've been, would've been
What should've been you
What could've been, would've been you

Did some bird flap its wings over in Asia?
Did some force take you because I didn't pray?
Every single thing to come has turned into ashes
Cause it's all over, it's not meant to be
So I'll say words I don't believe

CHORUS

What could've been, would've been you
What could've been, would've been
What should've been you
What could've been, would've been you
(What could've been, would've been you)

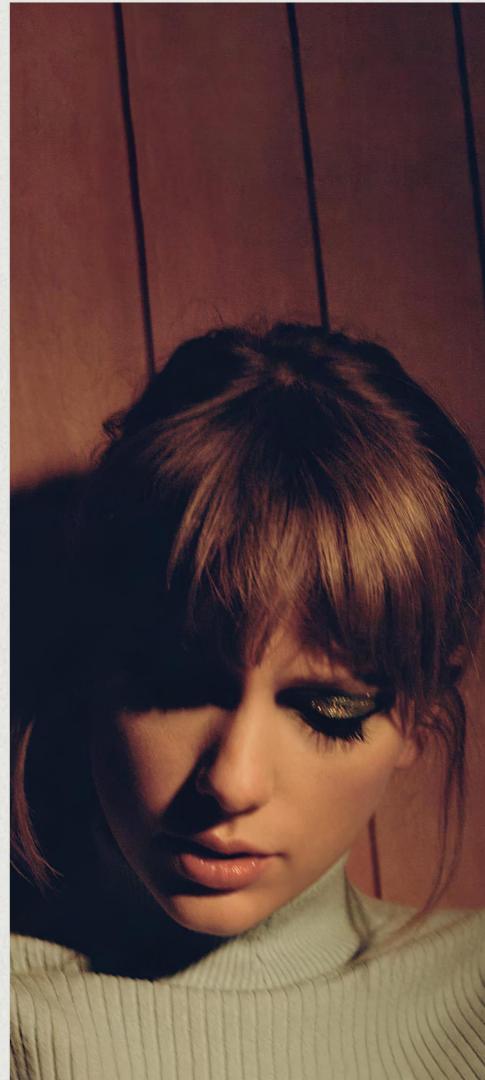
CHORUS

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Synthesizer, Slide Guitar, Electric Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Bass, Piano

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16 Paris

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

3min:16sec

"Your ex-friend's sister
Met someone at a club and he kissed her
Turns out, it was that guy you hooked up with ages ago
Some wannabe Z-lister
And all the outfits were terrible
2003 unbearable
Did you see the photos?"
No, I didn't, but thanks, though

I'm so in love that I might stop breathing
Drew a map on your bedroom ceiling
No, I didn't see the news
Cause we were somewhere else
Stumbled down pretend alleyways
Cheap wine, make believe it's champagne
I was taken by the view
Like we were in Paris
Like we were somewhere else
Like we were in Paris, oh
We were somewhere else

Privacy sign on the door
And on my page and on the whole world
Romance is not dead if you keep it just yours
Levitate above all the messes made
Sit quiet by my side in the shade
And not the kind that's thrown
I mean, the kind under where a tree has grown

CHORUS

I wanna brainwash you
Into loving me forever
I wanna transport you
To somewhere the culture's clever
Confess my truth
In swooping, sloping, cursive letters
Let the only flashing lights be the tower at midnight
In my mind

We drew a map on your bedroom ceiling
No, I didn't see the news
Cause we were somewhere else
In an alleyway, drinking champagne
Cause we were in Paris
Yes, we were somewhere else
My love, we were in Paris
Yes, we were somewhere else

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Synthesizer, Piano / Evan Smith - Synthesizer, Percussion / Mikey Freedom Hart - Synthesizer, Theremin, Organ
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17

High Infidelity

Written by Taylor Swift & Aaron Dessner

3min:51sec

Lock broken, slur spoken
Wound open, game token
I didn't know you were keeping count
Rain soaking, blind hoping
You said I was freeloading
I didn't know you were keeping count

High infidelity
Put on your records and regret me
I bent the truth too far tonight
I was dancing around, dancing around it
High infidelity
Put on your headphones and burn my city
Your picket fence is sharp as knives
I was dancing around, dancing around it
Do you really wanna know where I was April 29th?
Do I really have to chart the constellations in his eyes?

Storm coming, good husband, bad omen
Dragged my feet right down the aisle
At the house lonely, good money
I'd pay if you'd just know me
Seemed like the right thing at the time

You know there's many different ways that you can kill
the one you love
The slowest way is never loving them enough
Do you really wanna know where I was April 29th?
Do I really have to tell you how he brought me back to life?

CHORUS

You know there's many different ways that you can kill
the one you love
The slowest way is never loving them enough

High infidelity
Put on your records and regret meeting me
I bent the truth too far tonight
I was dancing around, dancing around it

High infidelity
Put on your headphones and burn my city
Your picket fence is sharp as knives
I was dancing around, dancing around it

Oh, there's many different ways that you can kill
the one you love
And it's never enough, it's never enough

Lock broken, slur spoken
Wound open, game token
I didn't know you were keeping count
Rain soaking, blind hoping
You said I was freeloading
I didn't know you were keeping count
But, oh, you were keeping count

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Jonathan Low at Long Pond (Hudson Valley, NY) / Recorded
by Jonathan Low & Aaron Dessner / Recorded at the Kitty
Committee Studios (Los Angeles, CA) / Drum Programming
by James McAlister recorded by James McAlister (Los
Angeles, CA) / Thomas Bartlett's performance recorded by
Thomas Bartlett at The Dwelling (New York, NY) / Benjamin
Lanz's performance recorded by Bella Blasko (Paris, FR) /
Yuki Numata Resnick's performance recorded by Kyle
Resnick (Buffalo, NY) / Kyle Resnick's performance recorded
by Kyle Resnick (Buffalo, NY) / Mastered by Randy Merrill at
Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift – Vocals / Aaron Dessner - Drum Programming,
Percussion, Keyboards, Synthesizer, Electric Guitar, Acoustic
Guitar, Piano / James McAlister - Drum Programming,
Percussion / Thomas Bartlett - Synthesizer, Piano / James
Krivchenia - Drums / Benjamin Lanz - Trombone, Drums /
Yuki Resnick Numata - Violin / Kyle Resnick - Trumpet
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Written by Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff,
Mark Anthony Spears & Sam Dew

18 Glitch

2min:28sec

We were supposed to be just friends
You don't live in my part of town, but maybe I'll see you
out some weekend
Depending on what kind of mood and situationship I'm in
And what's in my system

I think there's been a glitch
Five seconds later, I'm fastening myself to you with a
stitch, oh, yeah
And I'm not even sorry, nights are so starry
Blood moonlit
It must be counterfeit
I think there's been a glitch, oh, yeah

I was supposed to sweat you out
In search of glorious happenings of happenstance on
someone else's playground
But it's been two-thousand one-hundred ninety days of
our love blackout (Our love is blacking out)
The system's breaking down

CHORUS

A brief interruption, a slight malfunction
I'd go back to wanting dudes who give nothing
I thought we had no chance
And that's romance, let's dance

Glitch, oh, yeah
Five seconds later, I'm fastening myself to you with a
stitch, oh, yeah
And I'm not even sorry, nights are so starry
Blood moonlit
It must be counterfeit
I think there's been a glitch



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Taylor Swift - Vocals / Sounwave - Programming / Jack Antonoff - Drums, Programming, Percussion, Electric Guitar, Bass / Sam Dew, Zoë Kravitz - Backing Vocals © taylor-on-your-dash.tumblr.com

19

Would've, Could've, Should've

Written by Taylor Swift & Aaron Dessner

4min:20sec

If you would've blinked, then I would've
 Looked away at the first glance
 If you tasted poison, you could've
 Spit me out at the first chance
 And if I was some paint, did it splatter
 On a promising grown man?
 And if I was a child, did it matter
 If you got to wash your hands?

All I used to do was pray
 Would've, could've, should've
 If you'd never looked my way

I would've stayed on my knees
 And I damn sure never would've
 danced with the devil
 At nineteen
 And the God's honest truth is that
 the pain was heaven
 And now that I'm grown
 I'm scared of ghosts
 Memories feel like weapons
 And now that I know
 I wish you'd left me wondering

If you never touched me, I would've
 Gone along with the righteous
 If I never blushed, then they could've
 Never whispered about this
 And if you never saved me from boredom
 I could've gone on as I was
 But, Lord, you made me feel important
 And then you tried to erase us

You're a crisis of my faith
 Would've, could've, should've
 If I'd only played it safe

CHORUS

God rest my soul
 I miss who I used to be
 The tomb won't close
 Stained glass windows in my mind
 I regret you all the time
 I can't let this go
 I fight with you in my sleep
 The wound won't close
 I keep on waiting for a sign
 I regret you all the time

If clarity's in death, then why won't this die?
 Years of tearing down our banners, you and I
 Living for the thrill of hitting you where it hurts
 Give me back my girlhood, it was mine first

And I damn sure never would've
 danced with the devil
 At nineteen
 And the God's honest truth is that
 the pain was heaven
 And now that I'm grown
 I'm scared of ghosts
 Memories feel like weapons
 And now that I know
 I wish you'd left me wondering

BRIDGE (X2)

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Aaron Dessner - Drum Programming, Synthesizer, Harmonica, Electric Guitar, Bass Guitar, Acoustic Guitar, Piano / Bryce Dessner - Electric Guitar / James McAlister - Drum Programming, Drums, Synthesizer / Bryan Devendorf - Drum Machine Programming / Thomas Bartlett - Keyboards, Synthesizer
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3min:45sec

Dear Reader



Dear reader, if it feels like a trap

You're already in one

Dear reader, get out your map

Pick somewhere and just run

Dear reader, burn all the files

Desert all your past lives

And if you don't recognize yourself

That means you did it right

Never take advice from someone who's falling apart

Never take advice from someone who's falling apart

(You should find another)

Dear reader, bend when you can

Snap when you have to

Dear reader, you don't have to answer

Just 'cause they asked you

(You should find another)

Dear reader, the greatest of luxuries is your secrets

Dear reader, when you aim at the devil

Make sure you don't miss

Never take advice from someone who's falling apart

Never take advice from someone who's falling apart

So I wander through these nights

I prefer hiding in plain sight

My fourth drink in my hand

These desperate prayers of a cursed man

Spilling out to you for free

But darling, darling, please

You wouldn't take my word for it if you knew who was talking

If you knew where I was walking

To a house, not a home, all alone 'cause nobody's there

Where I pace in my pen and my friends found friends who care

No one sees when you lose when you're playing solitaire

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

You should find another guiding light

But I shine so bright

You should find another guiding light

But I shine so bright

You should find another

You should find another (Guiding light)

Find another, you should find another

You should find another

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Synthesizer, Electric Guitar, Bass, Piano
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3min:54sec

Hits Different 21

I washed my hands of us at the club
You made a mess of me
I pictured you with other girls in love
Then threw up on the street
Like waiting for a bus that never shows
You just start walking on
They say that if it's right, you know
Each bar plays our song
Nothing has ever felt so wrong

Oh my, love is a lie
Shit my friends say to get me by
It hits different
It hits different this time
Catastrophic blues
Moving on was always easy for me to do
It hits different
It hits different 'cause it's you

I used to switch out these Kens, I'd just ghost
Rip the band-aid off and skip town like an asshole outlaw
Freedom felt like summer then on the coast
Now the sun burns my heart and the sand hurts my feelings
And I never don't cry at the bar
Yeah, my sadness is contagious
I slur your name til someone puts me in a car
I stopped receiving invitations

CHORUS

I find the artifacts, cried over a hat
Cursed the space that I needed
I trace the evidence, make it make some sense
Why the wound is still bleeding?
You were the one that I loved
Don't need another metaphor, it's simple enough
A wrinkle in time like the crease by your eyes
This is why they shouldn't kill off the main guy
Dreams of your hair and your stare and sense of belief
In the good in the world, you once believed in me
And I felt you and I held you for a while
Bet I could still melt your world
Argumentative, antithetical dream girl

Written by Taylor Swift, Aaron Dessner & Jack Antonoff

I heard your key turn in the door down the hallway
Is that your key in the door?
Is it okay? Is it you?
Or have they come to take me away?
To take me away

CHORUS

Oh my, love is a lie
Shit my friends say to get me by
Cause it's you
Catastrophic blues
Moving on was always easy for me to do
It hits different
It hits different 'cause it's you

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Produced by Jack Antonoff, Aaron Dessner & Taylor Swift / Mixed by Serban Ghenea at MixStar Studios (Virginia Beach, VA) / Assistant Mix Engineer - Bryce Bordone / Recorded by Jonathan Low, Aaron Dessner, Laura Sisk and Jack Antonoff / Assistant Engineered by Jon Sher, Megan Searl, Lauren Marquez, John Rooney, Bella Blasko / Recorded at Long Pond (Hudson Valley, NY), Electric Lady Studios (New York, NY), Rough Customer Studio (Brooklyn, NY), Conway Recording Studios (Los Angeles, CA) and Sharp Sonics Studios (Los Angeles, CA) / Sean Hutchinson's performance recorded by Sean Hutchinson at Hutchinson Sound (Brooklyn, NY) / Evan Smith's performance recorded by Evan Smith at Pleasure Hill Recording (Portland, Maine) / Thomas Bartlett's performance recorded by Thomas Bartlett at The Dwelling (New York, NY) / Mastered by Randy Merrill at Sterling Sound (Edgewater, NJ)

Taylor Swift - Vocals / Aaron Dessner - Electric Guitar, Prophet X Synth, Electric Guitar 2, Bass Guitar, Yamaha Synth, MS20, Juno Synth / Jack Antonoff - Programming, Percussion, Bass Acoustic and Electric Guitars, Synths and Piano / James McAlister - Drum Kit, Synth Sequencing (Modular) / Evan Smith - Synths / Sean Hutchinson - Drums, Percussion / Thomas Bartlett - Prophet X Synth, OP1

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Written by Taylor Swift, Aaron Dessner & Jack Antonoff

You say, "I don't understand," and I say, "I know you don't"
 We thought a cure would come through in time
 Now I fear it won't
 Remember looking at this room, we loved it cause of the light
 Now I just sit in the dark and wonder if it's time

Do I throw out everything we built or keep it?
 I'm getting tired even for a phoenix
 Always rising from the ashes
 Mending all her gashes
 You might just have dealt the final blow

Stop, you're losing me
 Stop, you're losing me
 Stop, you're losing me
 I can't find a pulse
 My heart won't start anymore for you
 Cause you're losing me

Every morning, I glared at you with storms in my eyes
 How can you say that you love someone you can't tell is dying?
 I sent you signals and bit my nails down to the quick
 My face was gray, but you wouldn't admit that we were sick

And the air is thick with loss and indecision
 I know my pain is such an imposition
 Now, you're running down the hallway
 And you know what they all say
 You don't know what you got until it's gone

Stop, you're losing me
 Stop, you're losing me
 Stop, you're losing me
 I can't find a pulse
 My heart won't start anymore for you
 Cause you're losing me
 Cause you're losin' me
 Stop, you're losing me

My heart won't start anymore
 Stop cause you're losing me
 My heart won't start anymore
 Stop cause you're losing me

How long could we be a sad song
 Till we were too far gone to bring back to life?
 I gave you all my best me's, my endless empathy
 And all I did was bleed as I tried to be
 the bravest soldier
 Fighting in only your army
 Frontlines, don't you ignore me
 I'm the best thing at this party
 And I wouldn't marry me either
 A pathological people pleaser
 Who only wanted you to see her

And I'm fading, thinking
 Do something, babe, say something
 Lose something, babe, risk something
 Choose something, babe, I got nothing
 To believe, unless you're choosing me

You're losing me
 Stop (Stop, stop), you're losing me
 Stop (Stop, stop), you're losing me
 I can't find a pulse
 My heart won't start anymore

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Snow On The Beach (Feat. More Lana Del Rey)

3min:48sec

Written by Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff & Lana Del Rey

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24

Karma (Feat. Ice Spice)

3min:21sec

Written by Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff, Mark Anthony Spears, Keanu Torres, Jahaan Akil Sweet & Isis Naija Gaston

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25

Anti-Hero (Feat. Bleachers)

3min:48sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

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A close-up, low-angle photograph of Taylor Swift's face and upper body. She is wearing a red tank top with white stripes on the shoulders. Her hair is dark and messy. She is looking slightly to the right with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

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You're On Your Own, Kid (Strings Remix)

3min:20sec

Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming, Percussion, Juno 6, Mellotron, Moog, Electric Guitar, Bass, Background Vocals / Evan Smith - Synths / Bobby Hawk - Violin / Sean Hutchinson - Drums, Percussion

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Sweet Nothing (Piano Remix)

3min:28sec

Written by Taylor Swift & William Bowery

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Taylor Swift – Vocals / Jack Antonoff – Programming, Drums, Percussion, Moog, Juno 6, Modular Synth, Prophet 5, Piano / Evan Smith - Organ, Saxophone, Flute, Clarinet / Bobby Hawk - Violin / Mikey Freedom Hart - Piano

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Lavender Haze (Acoustic)

Written by Taylor Swift, Jack Antonoff,
Mark Anthony Spears, Zoë Kravitz,
Jahaan Akil Sweet & Sam Dew

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Taylor Swift - Vocals / Sounwave - Programming / Jack Antonoff - Acoustic Guitar, Drums, Programming, Percussion, Bass, Background Vocals / Mikey Freedom Heart - Acoustic Guitar / Sam Dew - Background Vocals / Zoë Kravitz - Background Vocals

Zoë Kravitz appears courtesy of Republic Records, a division of UMG Recordings, Inc.

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Anti-Hero (Acoustic)

3min:16sec Written by Taylor Swift & Jack Antonoff

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Taylor Swift - Vocals / Jack Antonoff - Programming, Drums, Percussion, Synthesizer, Bass, Wurlitzer, Background Vocals / Patrik Berger - Acoustic Guitar, Synthesizer / Bobby Hawk - Violin



Executive Producer: **Taylor Swift** / Photography: **Beth Garrabrant** / Wardrobe Stylist: **Joseph Cassell** / Hair: **Jemma Muradian** / Makeup: **Lorrie Turk** / Production Designer: **Ethan Tobman** / Propmaster: **Regina Fernandez** / Packaging Creative Direction: **Taylor Swift** / Packaging Art Direction: **Joshua Sage Newman & Beth Newman** / Packaging Design: **Parker Foote for ST8MNT** / Project Support & Coordination: **13 Management & Republic Records Teams** / © 2022 TAYLOR SWIFT. All Rights Reserved. Used By Permission.
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